

a change from the grand scenery of the  
 Bakhtiari mountains to low passes and gravelly spurs, which  
 sink down upon a plain. A blazing hillside; a mountain  
 of gravel among others of similar ugliness, sprinkled  
 with camel thorn and thistles; a steep and long descent  
 to a stream; ripe wheat on some irrigated slopes; above  
 these the hundred hovels of the village of Sarawand  
 clinging one above another to the hillside, their white clay  
 roofs intolerable in the fierce light; more scorched gravel  
 hills breaking off abruptly, and then a blazing plain, in a  
 mist of dust and heat, and low hills on the farther side  
 seen through a brown haze, make up the view from my  
 tent. The plain is Silakhor in Persia proper, and,  
*volens*, that heat and dust must shortly be  
 encountered in the hottest month of the year. Meanwhile the  
 mercury is at 105° in the tent.

Outside is a noisy crowd of a mixed  
 race, more Persian than Lur, row behind row. The  
*Jcetchuda* said if I would stand outside and show myself  
 the people would be pacified, but the desired result  
 was not attained, and the crushing and pushing  
 were fearful—not that the people here or elsewhere are  
 ever rude, it is simply that their curiosity is not  
 restrained by those rules which govern ours. The Agha  
 tried to create a diversion by putting a large  
 musical box at a little distance, but they did not care for it. I  
 attempted to give each woman a card of china buttons,  
 which they like for sewing on the caps of their

children, but the  
crush was so overpowering that I was  
obliged to leave it  
to Aziz. Then came the sick people with  
their many  
woes and wants, and though now at sunset  
they have all  
gone, Aziz comes in every few minutes with  
the laugh of  
a lost spirit, bringing a fresh copper bowl for  
eye lotion,  
quite pleased to think of my annoyance at  
being con-  
stantly dragged up from my writing.